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tre of Marcellus. Here it was that Goethe loved to resort with his friends, and the place, although it has since been converted into a different sort of establishment, is still known by the artists as "ГОЕТHE'S KNEIPE"—GOETHE'S RENDEZVOUS.

Some time after his day a more systematic association was formed among the German artists called *The Ponte Molle*, which in its plan entirely excluded politics, but made ample provision for mirth, wit, caricature, sketching, music, dramatic performances, and whatever might be productive of amusement to the members around their merry *Cena* table. The simple statutes of the body required that each candidate for membership should be subject to an examination, to be conducted by the presiding officer in the presence of all the associates. He was afterwards to receive the honor of knighthood and the decoration of a "mezzo bajocco" (a copper coin corresponding to an American half-cent) with the words "Ponte Molle" stamped on it. For this he was obliged to pay the so called "toll" across the Ponte Molle—that is—the wine bill of the evening.

Every year the Ponte Molle society became more and more popular as a resort for all foreign artists. Its meetings were holden in an old Palazzo called the "Fiano," which at that time was leased to a restaurateur who furnished wine and meals. The saloon of this Palazzo was an immense hall, with vaulted ceiling blackened by smoke and age, and profusely decorated with chalk sketches of various subjects. The throng of candidates made it necessary to fix a certain day every fortnight for the initiation. The most attractive features of this ceremony were, the examination and knighting of the new chevalier, the procession and the songs. The society having art and artistic jollification for its objects, it was proper that the cleverest members in these respects should be chosen for President and other officers—such qualifications it was not difficult to find. Among the most prominent of this class was MR. NEARLY, who is never to be forgotten in the history of artist life in Rome. His wit and zeal could not be surpassed. He was the life and soul of every social gathering.

Even the older and more retired artists could not resist these attractions, and frequently graced the merry company with their presence. THORWALDSEN, FOGELBERG and PAPA REINHARDT, were often parties to these festivities.

The examination was perhaps the most trying of all the ceremonies to the novice. No matter how courageous might be the youth, he was sure to falter when his name was demanded. The President arrayed in grotesque costume, looking more wise and serene than Solomon, was seated in a lofty chair attended by his Herald and Secretary, while the new victim was led before him followed by a human figure dressed in napkins and called the "wet nurse." After a general hurrah and laughter a deadly silence followed, during which the old members gathered about to witness the torments to which the candidate was to be subjected. His name, country, age and size being duly heralded with much unnecessary noise through a huge papier maché trumpet, he was taken to a black-board and directed to draw upon it off-hand a composition upon a given subject. This sketch, if executed with skill and humor, made the new

member at once a favorite, for it was readily seen that a man must possess decided talent, who, in the midst of the President's bombastic harangues and most ridiculous and contradictory arguments about rules of composition, &c., (uttered on purpose to distract and bewilder him,) could coolly embody in chalk some witty allegory or absurd problem. The subject being sketched, (often with deep sighs and much cold perspiration on the part of the novice,) the President examined the work, professed the greatest astonishment, and announced through his Herald that the artist was the wonder of the world, all which was received with thunders of applause and rattling of bottles and glasses. The wet nurse was then put into requisition to examine into the physical and moral qualities of the young man. Alas for him if his rosy cheeks had never felt a razor! The nurse remonstrated vigorously against the election. This difficulty being adjusted, the candidate on his knees received the honor of knighthood, and was then adorned with a new half-bajocco suspended to a green silk ribbon. Let us say, by the way, that this mock decoration became celebrated through THORWALDSEN. On a certain occasion when summoned to court he did not hesitate to wear, instead of other orders that he had received at different times from crowned heads, this simple little coin, saying jokingly it was the only legitimate decoration he could wear as an artist.

The next ceremony was the procession, which was formed by all the members present carrying burning tapers in their hands with their heads covered with napkins. The President was either borne in a chair or he led the new member on his arm, the rest following on wherever he might march, over chairs, or tables or any other incumbrance, and the whole party singing in solemn strains the favorite old song "Prince Eugene, the courageous knight," &c. This procession was most droll and grotesque in its sham melancholy, and a stranger would have been at a loss to know to what congregation the illuminated mourners belonged.

The President having once more taken his seat, a large figured earthen goblet was presented to him, out of which he drank the health of the new associate, to whom the goblet was afterwards passed, and whose duty it was to drink brotherhood with every member present. Thanks to the inoffensive nature of the Roman vine, this was not so dangerous a task as it might at first seem to have been. However, the sweet nectar occasionally found its victim.

In course of time the right of membership in the Ponte Molle was extended to amateurs and friends of the artists. Among them was the Ex-King Louis of Bavaria, who desired to be made a chevalier much to the embarrassment of many of the old companions of the order, who did not exactly know how far in his case the joke could be carried. The sight was certainly an uncommon one, but gratifying to every member, who could not help loving the old King, the reviver of the fine arts, who became as it were one of them, exchanging joke for joke and entering into the spirit of their enjoyment with grace and a good heart.

To the regret of every veteran artist in Rome this society has lately undergone a thorough change and now has a different constitution. It has surrendered its ancient fun and jollity to

modern "improvements" and sobriety. In the place of the old blackened walls, which still testify in their chalk decorations to the humor and skill of a past generation, the modern artist enters a gilded and frescoed palace filled with books and newspapers. Instead of enjoying a merry chat, he knits his brows over the political news of the day. He passes his leisure in reading about the Daguerreotype and California. Only now and then does the ancient fun and jollity find an echo in these days. There is an occasional masked ball or concert enriched with gas lights and every luxury—but with all the brightness and beauty of these scenes, there was something in the chiaro-scuro of that old vaulted chamber, with the antique Roman lamp that graced the merry table, much more poetic and which will linger much longer and be much more warmly cherished in our memories.

GREAT PICTURES IN PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

The inexperienced lover of art, who loves art without having seen any of its great works, simply as the result of culture and a taste refined by education and high sensibilities, dreams of the master-pieces of painting and sculpture, with the same vague longing with which the lover of adventure dreams of "the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po." Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Titian, and all the great masters of the golden age of art, are with him objects of a reverence profound but undefined, and both themselves and their works subjects of simple faith, whom, having not seen, he loves. To such a person the great capabilities of art, and the actual achievements of artists, are matters of history which he believes because they are authenticated, and which he can appreciate because his sensibilities respond to the recorded facts. He reads in books of Raphael and his Transfiguration, and Leonardo da Vinci and his Last Supper, just as he reads of Apelles or Zeuxis, and their counterfeit presentments of nature ages before, just as he reads of the cunning gravers who devised the cherubim for the ark, and wrought in all manner of work for the tabernacle in the wilderness. The romance of the annals of art is to him a chosen and separate field of delight. The chronicles of its rise and progress, from the days when the Byzantine pioneers and missionaries of art brought its dawning light from the western empire to old classic Italy, and there revived it into a new and splendid youth, until its noonday glory irradiated all Europe; the history of its decline and fall, rapid and certain from that melancholy Good Friday when Raphael breathed his last, surrounded by his pupils, with the Transfiguration hanging unfinished on the wall, through the mournful decadence that followed, a twilight of inferior artists and imitators, thickening into dark night again; all these are as interesting and as instructive as the records of empires and dynasties. The student of them may become versed not only in the facts, but the philosophy of art. He may learn the reason of that marvellous revival of painting which sprang from the bosom of the church, drew its life and energy from her inspiration, and expired with the first waning of her power. He may never have walked in the Vatican, or lifted his eyes to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and yet, if he choose, may have mastered the secret of both, and know the source and spring of their immortal fame.

There are a thousand such persons, whose imaginations supply the defects of opportunity and observation, who picture to themselves the immortal trophies of the great masters, and adorn their walls with the engravings and copies that perpetuate and popularize the achievements of those famous men. You will find many a print of the *Madonna della Leggiola* or of the Last Supper in the chambers of those who have never set foot in the Pitti palace, or picked their way through the streets of Milan to the old Rectory of Santa Maria della Grazie.

But the day comes round when the disciple of the arts has his reward; when he takes leave of his engravings of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, and finds himself on his way to that Old World, which is for him the New World, and which with all its treasures lies open to his voyage of discovery. There are the great marvels of nature; there are Vesuvius, and Etna, and Mont Blanc; there the regions of classic and historic fame; there the Rhine, and the Danube, and the Adriatic. There are famous battle-fields, and cities, and palaces, and arsenals, and libraries, and cathedrals, and temples; but there too, more than all, and most of all for him, are the spoils of centuries, and the highest triumphs of time, the master-pieces of the masters, in the Louvre and the Vatican, in the galleries of kings and princes, in the consecrated aisles of churches, and the sacred seclusion of cloisters.

Your young friend is doomed to share the common lot, and meet with that inevitable disappointment which the fates kindly provide, as the best safety-valve of excited feeling. Who ever yet was satisfied with a first impression of St. Peter's? To whom yet has Mont Blanc seemed as high as the monarch of mountains ought to be?

So with the great pictures. You go to the Louvre, your fancy wound up to the highest pitch, and that preliminary scrutiny of your passport by the plethoric Major-Domo at the door (is he there still under the new Napoleon?) and registry of your transatlantic name helping not a little to enhance the illusion, you ascend the long staircase, and plunge at once over your head in the fine arts. Before you, in almost endless profusion, for a quarter of a mile, stretches a succession of galleries of French, German, Flemish, Spanish, Italian art. Pictures of battles and pictures of banquets, landscapes and sea-pieces, and pictures classical, mythological and allegorical, sacred and profane, portraits of great saints and great sinners, altar pieces, fruit pieces, and flower pieces, humorous pictures and tragical pictures, pictures of cattle and pictures of fish, pictures of high life and pictures of low life, and pictures without any life at all, in countless numbers, and of all sorts, sizes, and degrees of merit, are before you. The whole has the charm of novelty, and the attraction of infinite variety. Turn where you will, there is something to admire or to be astonished at; perhaps the frightfully faithful picture of the grand army in the snows of Russia, or the vast expanses of canvas on which Paul Veronese has painted the Marriage of Cana, or, further on, a row of brilliant sunsets or sunrises by Claude Lorraine, or Nicolas Poussin's Deluge, or Rubens' Flight from Sodom, or Tenier's Dutch drolleries, or Rembrandt's frowning portraits. Where will you begin? Which picture of all

will you look at first, which next, which then? Ah, the echo of still greater names than Paul Veronese, or Claude, or Nicolas Poussin, or Teniers, or Rembrandt, is in your ears; you inquire for the Raphaels, and Titians, and Leonardos, and press forward to find them.

Well, there is St. Michael with the Dragon underfoot, by Raphael, a picture by the greatest of all great painters; and there, a little further on, is the *Belle Jardiniere*, the pride of the Louvre, a madonna sitting amongst the flowers. Behold, and confess your disappointment.

The St. Michael is dingy and old; the *Belle Jardiniere* is a pure and lovely figure, doubtless the whole picture is charming in expression and design; but is this all—this sweet but partly faded and delicate portrait of a virgin grouped with flowers and children—is this all? Where is the magic of Raphael that you dreamed would electrify you by its miraculous power? My friend, it is not until you have made the circuit of Europe, and learned from much sight and long experience the true merit of works of art, and the true test of genius, that you will be able to perceive what there is in that little picture which is more than pleasing, which is great and wonderful.

Few, very few, ever discover as much as this. Much more than half of the admiration which travellers, especially Americans, who have fewest opportunities of cultivation in this respect, express and profess at the sight of great pictures, is entirely superficial and a matter of course, partly because the rest of the world admires the same, and partly because a want of admiration would be a tacit confession of a want of knowledge. It is amusing to see how cautious these admirers of pictures are—how tongue-tied until a consultation with guide-book or catalogue has informed them of the authorship of the work before them; then their scale of appreciation is perfectly adjusted. They have convenient transports for Raphael's, ready astonishment for Michael Angelo's, and unfeeling exclamations for Titian. At the same time, it would puzzle them to tell wherein one of these stars in the sphere of art differs from the other in glory, or wherein the glory of either consists.

Even to the best instructed the famous pictures on the continent afford in themselves and of themselves but little satisfaction, apart from the gratification of curiosity, until they have ceased to be looked at as curiosities, and have come to be regarded from the point of view which in reality first made them what they are in reputation—an intelligent comparison with their contemporaneous works, and in the light of a thorough knowledge of the age which produced them. There is much that is conventional and fictitious in our estimation of works of art. There is no ultimate standard by which the respective merits of different pictures or statues can be settled. We call the Transfiguration the greatest of Raphael's works, because its purpose is in many respects the highest, and its execution the most perfect of all his productions; but there are many of his pictures which would be far more popular in the truest sense of the word, in their appeal to the universal sympathies of mankind, and the general admiration of the beautiful. So too of other artists. There can be no final judgment as to the excellence of their respective works. The cause of art has suffered harm from the arbitrary rank given to

certain famous pictures. People go to Italy, and admire, and wonder, and stare at these pictures, because they are told they are famous, and write home their ecstasies to their friends, and go back as wise as they came. These great pictures, these shows and spectacles, are not the whole of art, nor always the best of it.

In truth, in the retrospect, after going the rounds of the European galleries, and making the pilgrimage to every shrine of art on the continent, how few out of all that he has seen are the pictures called famous which one would care to bring home with him for his own pleasure and profit, even if he had the privilege of selecting wherever and whatever he pleased. Some one may exclaim, "Not so, the number would be legion." Very likely, if the lucky selector were a virtuoso with a picture-gallery, and ambitious of quantity as well as quality in his works of art; but speaking of a person who would conscientiously make choice of such pictures, and such only, as he had treasured up in his memory for perpetual delight, and would cherish on his chamber walls as ministering presence of beauty, we repeat the number would be small. Not because there are but few fine paintings in Europe. There are many; but in proportion to the great mass which are brought before the eyes of the traveller, a very small proportion are worthy of study, or even of a second glance; and again, out of those few a still smaller proportion are regarded by the man of purest taste with that satisfaction and enjoyment which appropriate the beauties of a work of art, and make it to the memory "a joy forever." Many are the famous pictures, on which the Guide Books expend their exclamation points and the *cicerones* multiply their superlatives of praise, which are forgotten before the dust of the corridor or the chapel where they hang is brushed from your feet; many the work of art which claims your passing admiration and the tribute of a moment's scrutiny, of which you would grow weary in your own house, and which you would by and by preserve only for its *prestige* of antiquity or its former repute. There are hundreds of thousands of pictures in the leading Galleries of the Continent; there they hang and there they have hung year after year in every variety of shape, subject, and color, staring upon generation after generation of travellers and artists and idle loungers of their own *locale*; and there they will continue to hang as long as the walls stand that support them or the wrinkled paint sticks to the canvas or the panel. But what do we remember at Dresden besides the Madonna del Sisto, the Notte, and the Magdalene of Correggio, and the half dozen other gems which form the crown of that finest of Northern Galleries? How many pictures at the Borghese Palace have enshrined themselves in our memory with that daguerreotype distinctness which a congenial work of art produces so as to exhibit themselves before us at will? The marvellous portrait of Cesar Borgia; the Entombment of Raphael, the Sacred and Profane Love of Titian—how many more? Venice, with its gorgeous gallery of great pictures, more characteristic of the glories of Italian art and Italian empire than any others—how soon does the memory of its famous Academy, its ducal galleries and its art-embellished churches, subside into a dream like recollection of indistinguishable splendors, and its great works of art into a mass of glories, gorgeous but indis-

tinct, like the intermingled clouds of glory on which the Madonna soars into heaven in the Assumption of Titian! There is regret in this, because we would willingly perpetuate the pleasures which many separate pictures have given us by a distinct remembrance of each of them; but there is satisfaction also, because the hundreds of wretched daubs which disfigure even the best collections and disgust the lover of art with their ugliness, become altogether lost and forgotten—you remember them no more than you remember, in thinking of the classic steep slopes of Tivoli, or the sunny slopes of Sorrento, the beggars who pestered you for *bajocchi*, or the *vetturino* who cheated you in your fare. The *Bresa* at Milan, with its interminable succession of saloons filled with interminably succeeding bad pictures, immortalizes itself in the memory by that one priceless and purest of pictures, the Marriage of the Virgin; and so too, many a dull day spent in unsatisfactory traversing of galleries and exploring of churches, is redeemed from all its dulness by a single ray of the genuine sunlight of art in some one picture which seizes and satisfies the sight.

The moral of the whole is simply this—that however much the student and lover of art may anticipate from the great works of the great Masters, and however much he may rejoice in the opportunity of their study and admiration, he will soon find that it is not in them that his highest satisfaction and recompense are to be found. Nor is it from them that true knowledge of art is to be gained. They do not make up the treasures of Art in Europe, any more than the Jungfrau and her sister peaks make up Switzerland, or St. Peter's and the Coliseum make up Rome. It is not a few mountain summits, a few romantic lakes and villages, a few picturesque valleys and terrific defiles, that complete our recollections of the country of Tell; not the show-places at which all the world wonders and where cockneys inscribe their names, residences, and emotions in the Traveller's Book, but rather the continued and continuous grandeur, beauty and sublimity, with which our eyes grew daily familiar and our sensibilities akin, which encircled our down-sittings and up-risings, and made us acquainted with all the variety and marvellous powers of Nature. We found the elements of our satisfaction in the perpetual wonders around us; in the mist and clouds that wrapped the mountains in the morning, and sank into the valleys to glow like seas of molten gold in the sunset; we found them in the rough passes across the frozen ridges of the High Alps; in the icy peaks that bounded the horizon; in the cataracts that leaped from the glaciers, and the wild flowers that bloomed beside the snows of winter on the steep sides of the mountains. We found them in the all-pervading sources of sublimity which take possession of the traveller who enjoys Switzerland as it is capable of being enjoyed, and which make tame and feeble in comparison all other mountain scenery.

So it is with the arts in Europe. A day or two in the Louvre, a week or two in the Vatican, looking at great pictures you have longed to see, and going into ecstasies at the chef-d'œuvres of the great Masters, this is not what it is to appreciate and enjoy them. Besides the Louvre and the Vatican, there are the catacombs of Naples and Rome, in whose dark sepulchres, where the saints prayed and the martyrs

were entombed, were traced in rude frescoes the symbols of the Christian faith; where too for the first was painted in colors destined to survive to these latter days, the mild and majestic countenance of the Saviour. These Catacombs afforded graves for the persecuted Christians in the early centuries, and a refuge for art. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church; their sepulchres were in one sense the cradle of that art to which the Church has owed so much of her greatness.

And, besides the Catacombs, which are only a starting point from which to diverge upon the tracks which the advancing footsteps of Art have left to mark their progress, how many are the homes and haunts of Italian Art, apart from all galleries and palaces and thronged halls of famous pictures! How many convent cloisters and provincial halls and solitary churches, in whose crumbling walls and ceilings still survive the early works of the earliest schools of painting, which gave character and immortal success to the subsequent efforts in the field of art! It is by tracing them to their source, and then following their windings through successive eras and generations to the full maturity of their greatness, that one learns to comprehend the beauty and the power of those converging streams of Christian art which meet and commingle in the golden age of Raphael. Why was Raphael greater than his teacher or his contemporaries? Why is his Madonna purer, holier, and more virgin than those of his master Ferrugino—if, indeed, they were? Study the works of both, and discover the spirit which inspired them both, and learn the mysteries of the age that embraced them both. Further than this, go back from their works to those before them, and find what is the link that bound them to their predecessors and to the fathers of painting before them; and by what succession and progress the trust and inheritance of art descended from those remote patriarchs. A morning in the Vatican, in front of the Transfiguration, will not give you all this, nor will you learn it all from the great pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The study of art is like every other study; the intelligent knowledge and love of it comes, like all other knowledge and love, only after long experience and intercourse.

The neglect of the careful study of art elsewhere than in the immediate circle of the great pictures, which are only its highest trophies, has done much to make superficial connoisseurs and critics, and inexperienced, unfaithful painters. The young artist conveys himself to Rome, and then is too apt to sit down before a landscape of Claude or a head of Titian, and falls to copying and re-copying; or he calls a beggar from the *Piazza di Spagna*, and paints his crinkled skin, and long beard, and rugged Roman costume, as if beards and rags existed nowhere but in the Eternal City; or he devotes himself to the portrait of some one of those convenient Italian damsels, who sit as "models," and are models of every thing but virtue; and so his days of continental study pass, and he brings home a trunk full of poor copies of great pictures, and a portfolio of picturesque shepherds of the Campagno, or maidens of the Alban Hills. This is his harvest from those fields of art of which he has had the reaping! It is his own fault, and neither he nor his friends should

weep over an unappreciating age and an ungenerous public. Let the artist master his art first, and learn its capabilities, and imbibe its spirit, and fathom its depths, and then either abandon it as unworthy of an age which has little faith and no reverence, or make it what painters of earlier times have made it, the image and mirror of the life and nature and sympathies which surround him, deriving its strength and beauty not from the ashes of centuries which are past, and will never return, but from the ever living fires of truth and feeling, and human affection. Patronage and profits will be sure to follow.

W. A. B.

A BIOGRAPHICAL, TECHNOLOGICAL, AND TOPICAL DICTIONARY OF ART.

(Continued.)

[It is intended to include in this Dictionary, which will be continued from time to time in the Bulletin, biographical notices of artists, ancient and modern, living and dead, native and foreign; as well as explanations of technical terms, and other matters of interest to the student of art.]

AUDENAERDE or **OUDENAERDE** (**ROBERT VAN**). An eminent Flemish painter and engraver, born at Ghent, in 1663, and died in 1743, aged 80. He studied painting under Francis Van Mierhop, and afterwards under Hans Van Cleef; but on visiting Rome he took instructions from Carlo Maratti. By this means he became a good painter of history; but having etched some prints, which he showed to Maratti, that great artist advised him to adhere to the burin rather than the pencil, and employed him to engrave a number of his pictures. After his return to Ghent, he continued to engrave, but occasionally produced some pictures for the churches, one of the best of which is an altarpiece, in the Carthusian Monastery at Ghent, St. Peter attended by the monks of that order.

AUDOUIN (**PIERRE**). An eminent French engraver, pupil of Beauvarlet, born in Paris in 1768, died in 1822.

AUDRAN (**CLAUDE**). A painter of the French school, born at Lyons in 1639, and died at Paris in 1684, aged 45. He was nephew of the above-mentioned engraver, and at first studied under his uncle, but preferring painting, he left the other art, and after acquiring some skill, was employed by Le Brun in painting part of the pictures of Alexander the Great's battles. He afterwards acquired considerable eminence, and was appointed professor of painting in the Royal Academy at Paris, which situation he held with much credit till his death.—*Nouv. Dict. Hist.*

AUDRAN (**GIRARD**). An engraver, born at Lyons in 1640, and died at Paris in 1703, aged 63. He is considered one of the ablest engravers that ever existed, and one of those artists who, in his department, contributed the most to embellish the age of Louis XIV. by spreading over Europe the principal productions of the art, executed in France during that memorable age. He received the elements of his art from Claude Audran, his father, who is noticed in the preceding article; but convinced that without a profound study of drawing, no engraver can hope to attain eminence, he went to Rome; where, during three years, he was engaged in copying after the antique, the works of Raphael and other great masters, who have rendered the Italian school so celebrated. The characteristics of this great engraver's works, are spirited and correct drawing, a free and bold style of etching, an easy and vigorous burin, a masterly touch or stroke, always that of the master he copies, which rank him above all that have preceded him, and render him the best model for all young artists who enter the profession of engraving. Audran has treated historical subjects with a nobleness and dignity peculiarly his own; his works, without having the precise finish, so much the boast of mediocrity, are far,